

## **Sleep In The Heat** by **IWriteWorksNotTragedies**

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**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

(Updated Version) Songfic Based On: 'Sleep In The Heat' - PUP

## Sleep In The Heat

*It's not something I can fix*

*If could do anything you know I would*

*If this f\*cking vacation would come to an end*

*Maybe you'd be normal again*

Searching, searching for anything, there is that part of you that keeps going: 'You're not going to find it, it's nowhere, you're never going to see it again.'. **Searching for someone**, that part of you expands itself three times larger: 'You'll never see them ever again, you'll never be able to hold their hand, you'll never be able to comfort them, to help them, to tell them that they're okay.'. You don't know how to soften that voice, every time you try, it just gets louder. 'They're dead, it's your fault, you didn't save them, you didn't help them, you barely treated them like a person.'. And louder. 'You just watched, while they were in pain and suffering, you just watched.'. And louder. 'They helped you, what did you give them in return? Nothing, all you did was hurt them, yell at them, you let them die, **you deserve this**'. Until that voice gets so loud that it's all you hear.

Searching was a lot of what Michael Wheeler did in his free time. It's what he did to try and quiet that voice. He searched for someone, a person that made such an impact on his life, that he doesn't know what else to do most of the time. When he couldn't find anything, that voice just got louder than it was before he tried. He searched for her everywhere, in the school, at his friend's house, in the woods. He searched for any sign of her, a sock, or a box of Eggos, **anything**.

*And nothing I say will make it ok*

*You just sleep in the heat and repeat*

*You're wasting away.*

*And nothing I do is gonna save you*

*I'm trying my best but you can't even*

*Look at me or talk to me or tell me what's happening to you*

He searched, every day. This day he found something, **someone**. In a fort, in the woods, he found her. She looked like she hadn't eaten in days, maybe weeks. She was sleeping on the floor.

"El?" He said quietly. Nothing, no reply, no stirring. "El!?" He shouted. Still Nothing. "EL!? El wake up!" Nothing. He started crying. "El, please wake up, please, just wake up." He cried, and cried, and that voice got louder, and louder, he couldn't handle it. He cried himself to sleep, laying right next to her.

"El, please come back, come back to me. Please." He pleaded, before he fell asleep

*Yesterday I went back to my apartment*

*To see how you've been holding up*

*You hadn't been eating*

*I thought you were sleeping*

*But...*

*You're not waking up*

*I want you to know*

*That I'd spend every bit of my*

*Pitiful saving and loans*

*Just to see you again*

*But I know I won't*